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TREES, ROOTS AND BRANCHES
OF
THE HOUSE OF STE-TEE-THLUM

1960 32p

BY

MARY ANN LAMBERT

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A Genealogical Story of the Olympic Peninsula
Clallam Indians

Mary Ann Lambert Vincent
Oct. 27, 1960

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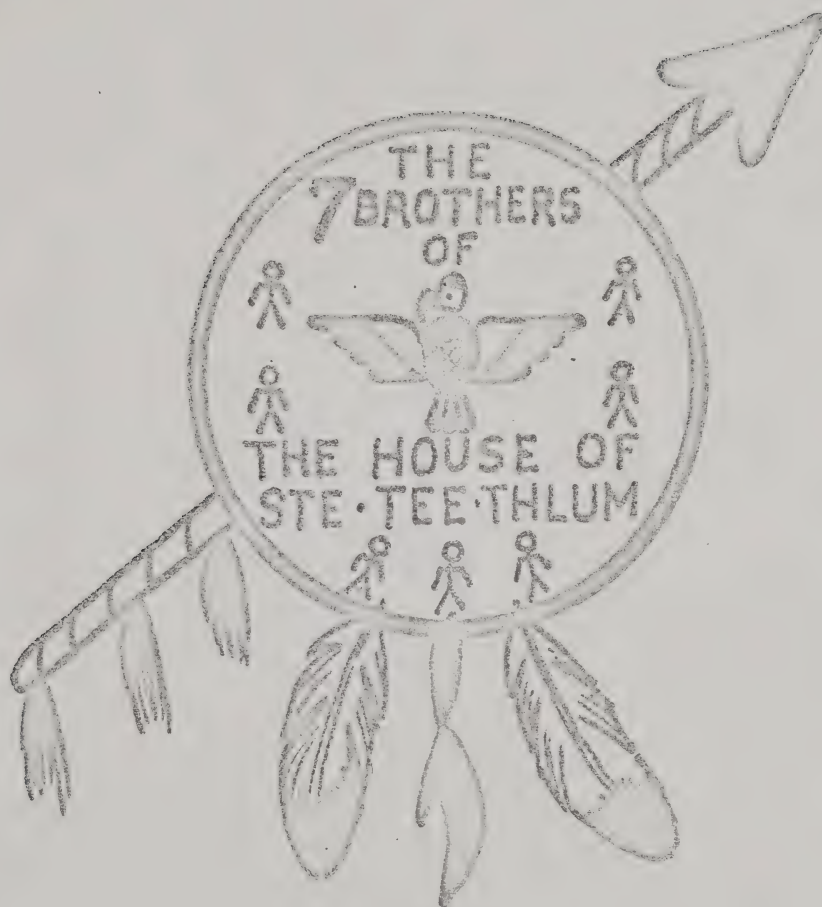
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Foreword

The imagery of the Indian is drawn from the clouds, the seasons, the birds, and the beasts and the vegetable world. His language is rich and full. He will express a phrase in a word, he will qualify the meaning of an entire sentence with a syllable, and he will convey different significations by the simple inflection of the voice.

The American Indian gives a different account of his own tribe or race from that which is given by other people. He (like other nations) is addicted to over estimating his own perfections and underrating those of his rival. He is a great genealogist, passing down by word of mouth the lines of birth and the exploits of his tribe.

This is the story of the Clallam Indians of the Olympic Peninsula as told to me by the Indians sitting around their campfire. I have listened to them over and over, as they talked of their ancestors, their exploits, and their struggles to adjust to a new way of life after the coming of the white man.

From my early years I have lived among the Clallams, I speak their language, I understand their way of life.

I feel their side of the struggle should be a part of the history of Jefferson County, so I present this genealogical story of the House of the Seven Brothers.

Mary Ann Lambert Vincent

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Ste-tee-thlum and the Nanimo Princess

About the year 1777, a Clallam chief, Ste-tee-thlum by name, lived on the southwest shore of the Strait of Juan de Fuca in the Territory of Washington, in a village of the same name, Ste-tee-thlum, situated midway between what is now Jamestown and the mouth of the Dungeness River. The chief had but recently lost the favorite of his three wives; she, the mother of his youngest son, now sixteen years of age, had met death by drowning. Therefore the time had arrived, of necessity, when the beloved wife must be replaced by some woman of high standing. The vacancy in the house of Stee-tee-thlum had to be filled at once.

The day of decision and prompt action arrived. This wily old chief had concocted a scheme, a secret which he alone knew and kept closely guarded within the depths of his heart, at least for the time being. However, soon after his final decision had been reached, early one morning just at the peep of day, he and his young son were observed by some of the more curious of his tribesmen entering their touring canoe and shoving off from shore. Some of the more inquisitive members of the tribe had private opinions as to the mysterious movements of their chief, so it wasn't long before word was passed along the length of the street of the village, "The chief and his favorite son are off on a secret mission. Perhaps a marriage is in the offing. For father? For son? We shall see, yes, we shall see."

As father and son paddled swiftly and noiselessly across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the silence was abruptly broken by the chief's words:

"Over yonder to the land across the long waters lives the daughter of the Chief of Namino, T'sus-khee-na-kheen, who it is said has recently reached womanhood. There we shall go." After a pause for a few minutes to note the reaction of his son to what he had just said, the chief continued, "My son, as you well know, the time has come for the chief of the Clallams, myself, your father, to seek a woman of high standing—a woman worthy of filling the place left vacant by the passing of your honored mother, to sit as the first wife in the House of Ste-tee-thlum."

The son's mind, apparently intent upon his father's words, was in reality afar off as he remained silent, staring straight ahead into nothingness. With measured dipping and lifting of his blade-like paddle, the boy's powerful strokes carried them over the blue-green waters of the Strait toward the dark forest-studded Vancouver Island. Suddenly the boy's reverie was punctured by the words of his father:

"The Chief of Nanimo holds his daughter at a high price. The man who can show the greatest wealth, honor and hospitality is the most likely person to whom she will be given in marriage. I, your father, Chief of the Clallams, have honor and wealth. Let us proceed toward Nanimo."

It took a few hours more of steady paddling before the opposite shores of the Long Waters were reached. Then, following the shore line in a northeasterly direction, it wasn't long before a beautifully decorated touring canoe was observed coming in their direction from around a long spit. Without betraying any emotion at the sudden appearance of the approaching canoe, father and son ceased paddling and drifted with the tide, waiting. It didn't take the chief long to recognize the paddlers of the approaching canoe. There were three occupants, two paddlers, one at the stern and one at the bow of the canoe. The central figure who sat without paddling was the Princess of Nanimo, who was accompanied by her slave girls on their way to visit in a neighboring village, where lived her mother's people.

No sooner had the west coast canoe reached a position directly opposite the Clallam canoe than the old chief directed his course toward it to intersect its path. Then when both canoes actually stood side by side, the chief, without formality, reached over, took hold of the Nanimo canoe, and drawing it close,

forcibly pulled the Nanimo princess into his canoe. Then turning to the frightened and speechless slave girls, he said to them, "Return to your master. Tell him the chief of the Clallams of the House of Ste-tee-thlum has taken his daughter with honorable intent of marriage." That was all. Violently shoving away from the Nanimo canoe and its slave occupants, the chief turned his canoe and paddled homeward across the Strait to the village of Ste-tee-thlum.

Not a word was spoken by father to son. The silence was broken only by the suppressed sobbing and occasional sniffing of the captive princess, which caused the chief's son to do a little private thinking, there being nothing slow about his mind. Nothingness to him suddenly had become something—yes, something very urgent and big.

As soon as the Ste-tee-thlum villagers recognized the approaching canoe, they gathered along the shore in groups to await news.

When the royal barge was finally and carefully beached, stern first, as all Indian canoes are beached, the chief and his son stepped ashore. The princess, barely uncovering her tear-stained face, arose from her cramped position, reluctantly stepped ashore after the others, and stood with downcast eyes, as though awaiting some dreadful verdict from her abductors.

Stepping up to the frightened girl, the chief was about to make an announcement to the waiting and expectant tribesmen, when suddenly his son, who had been standing unnoticed behind the princess, stepped up to his father and spoke. "My father, my honorable, I desire this this maiden. Only today I realize I have reached manhood. I would take the daughter of the House of Nanimo to wife. I am young. She is young. You are old, my father, yes, old and vigorless."

Without hesitation or look of resentment or even of disappointment, the old chief of the Clallams answered, "My son, you speak wisely, you speak words of truth. I am old—yes, I am old. I realize that now. Take the daughter of Nanimo. Take also my title, my chieftainship. This day I bestow upon you the honor of my honorable name. Now and from henceforth you shall be known as Chief Ste-tee-thlum the Younger, Chief of all the Clallams. Yes, yes, this I say." Without another word the old chief walked, erect and proud, toward the family longhouse and disappeared behind the hanging mat in the doorway.

The assembled tribesmen waited. Suddenly, in the midst of dignified excitement and low comments from the crowd, the new and youthful chief took the hand of his bride in his and together they walked slowly toward the family longhouse, just as his father had done but a few moments before, and disappeared behind the hanging mat in the doorway. The longhouse had now become his in honorable line of succession—Chief Ste-tee-thlum the Younger.

The crowd dispersed. Next day great merriment, rejoicing, and feasting began, which lasted for many days. Everyone seemed happy at this unexpected turn of events. Something big had been accomplished; two not too friendly tribes had now become closer bound by the marriage of the young Clallam chief to the Princess of Nanimo.

Out of this marriage of the son of the House of Ste-tee-thlum and the daughter of the House of Nanimo came seven sons and one daughter, she being the youngest.

The names of the sons were, beginning with the third, since the names of the older two are not known: third, T'what-ski; fourth, Ha-que-nilth; fifth, Que-ni-a'som; sixth, Whey-ux; seventh, Lach-kay-num.

In reality there were eight sons, but because this eighth son was born after a second marriage of the Princess of Nanimo—Chief Ste-tee-thlum having passed away—he, When-a'hap was held in lesser importance than his seven half-brothers.

The young girl, the only girl, whom the parents named E'ow-itsa, later became Julia Ann, a name bestowed upon her by the factor of some Hudson Bay Company.

As far as can be determined, the first of the seven sons was born about 1778. Thereafter a son was born in succession every two or three years. The girl, E'ow-itsa, presumably was born about 1792, for it was that year, when she was three weeks old, that the schooner Saturnina fired upon the village of Cordova (Esquimalt), killing many inhabitants of the Indian village, whose chief at that time was Tit-icus.

After the bombardment of Cordova, the schooner proceeded in a southerly direction, and repeating action without any apparent cause unless to intimidate all Indians thereafter, it fired upon others of the Indian villages. The last to be fired upon was the Clallam village of Ste-tee-thlum, which was all but destroyed, including the longhouse in which the Baby E'ow-itsa lay strapped in her cradle.

During the firing from the schooner's guns upon the Clallam village, the frenzied Indians, who had never before heard the firing of guns, became panic-stricken and fled to the dense hemlock forest back of the village in the direction of Sequim, leaving the burning village of Ste-tee-thlum to its fate. It was everybody for himself.

In the excitement of the escape to the backwoods, Chief Ste-tee-thlum with part of his family of boys, and his wife the Princess of Nanimo with the other part of the family, became separated from each other. Each parent felt assured as they rushed through the woods that the other had grabbed up the newly-born baby E'ow-itsa from her swinging cradle in the longhouse. A little later, however, when husband and wife met in the woods, a look of fear came upon their faces. Simultaneously they asked each other in alarm, "Where is the baby?" "Where is the baby?" The only answer was, "I thought you had her," and "I thought you had her." When the truth dawned upon them the parents became horrified. Little E'ow-itsa had been left in the burning longhouse!

Back to the village the frantic parents ran. The chief was the first to reach it, dashing into the all-but-consumed and smoke-filled house. He ran to the swinging cradle, and grabbing his baby up in his arms he ran out with her to safety, little E'ow-itsa none the worse for the harrowing experience of her parents.

In the meantime the schooner Saturnina disappeared around Dungeness Spit. The chief sent word back to his frightened people to return to the charred, smouldering, and all but destroyed village. As soon as the men were gathered together a council was held and the decision made to move the village of Ste-tee-thlum to a place not so exposed to enemies. The present site of Jamestown was chosen and named for Lord Jim Balch, great-grandson of the Chief Ste-tee-thlum.

The Seven Brothers

The seven Ste-tee-thlum brothers, offspring of Chief Ste-tee-thlum and the Princess of Nanimo, all grew to manhood, tall, lithe of body, handsome and alert, ever excelling members of their own and other tribes in sports and industry.

The most outstanding and admired of the brothers was T'what-ski, the third brother in line of descent. (Nothing is known of the first two brothers of the House of Ste-tee-thlum). Because of his athletic prowess in running, jumping, paddling, hunting, and fishing, T'what-ski exceeded all others of his seven brothers, as well as members of neighboring tribes, in popularity. His reputation became known far and wide. In all tribal competitions T'what-ski came home victorious, which created much jealousy and envy among opposing tribes.

A feeling of resentment and vengeance arose among certain tribes, especially throughout the tribes of Vancouver Island, and a determination to capture T'what-ski, in order to humiliate him by selling him off into slavery. One Flathead to them was worth more than two or three long heads. And no greater disgrace could befall a Clallam of high degree than to become a slave.

T'what-ski, this third brother of the seven, was so fleet of foot that on one occasion he successfully outwitted the leader of a wolf pack in an exciting and hazardous chase across Sequim prairie to the beach village of Ste-tee-thlum. At this time, this part of the Olympic Peninsula was infested with hundreds of wolves roaming the country in packs. People's lives were jeopardized; hunting deer and elk on the prairie was not safe. It was one of these hunting trips that nearly cost T'what-ski his life, but won him fame instead. This feat became known and talked about throughout the Puget Sound country. His enemies began plotting how they could capture this famous Clallam runner.

On another occasion this young man, because of his quick thinking and fleetness of foot, saved himself from what seemed at the time sure capture. One day, while salmon fishing off Dungeness Spit, T'what-ski narrowly escaped capture by a tribal enemy, the Hydahs of Vancouver Island, whose chief had sent them to capture this famous runner, not dead, but alive.

It happened one day when the run of Quetshin (King Salmon) was unusually good off Dungeness Spit. T'what-ski had been fishing since early dawn. It was mid-day when he decided he had caught sufficient Quetshin for that day, so began preparations to return to the village of Ste-tee-thlum.

T'what-ski was hungry, so decided before returning home to barbecue a salmon. Going to the leeward of Dungeness Spit, which was sheltered from the light breeze which had arisen, he built a fire among the driftwood and logs. After placing a salmon on cooking sticks in front of the hot coals, he turned and walked away to the salt water's edge to put the remaining salmon, which were lying on the beach to be cleaned, back into his canoe. Suddenly a large, grotesquely painted canoe with four occupants, unobserved at first by T'what-ski, beached a short distance from where he was bent over working. At once T'what-ski became alert. He knew at a glance who these men were and what they wanted, but he did not betray his emotions.

The Hydahs walked up to the Clallam's canoe, noting the number of salmon in the bottom. One of them remarked, "Salmon must be running good. You caught quite a few."

"Yes," answered T'what-ski, "salmon are running good. You come from a long way? Hungry?"

"Yes, we are hungry," said the man who seemed to be the leader of the party, at the same time sniffing and drawing into his nostrils the aroma from the cooking salmon. "Yes, we sure are hungry."

"I'll put a couple of extra salmon on the cooking sticks. Go up to the fire and sit," said the son of Ste-tee-thlum.

The men walked to the fire and sat on their haunches, facing the cooking fish with a look of anticipation on their faces. Obviously they were very hungry. All this time T'what-ski was thinking fast and sparring for time. Well, he knew what these men of the north country had come for, and his only thought was to outwit them. They weren't fooling him!

Soon the extra salmon were sizzling on the sticks, while the rich juices began dripping to the ground, which made the Northerners more hungry than before. What the hungry men did not notice was that the salmon just placed before the fire on the cooking sticks were not securely fastened. T'what-ski knew that at a certain point in the cooking, the salmon would slide to the ground, at which time the enemy would rush forward to salvage the food, and this would be his opportunity to escape.

While the Hydahs waited, chatting as though to throw T'what-ski off guard, and at the same time drooling at the oozing, juicy morsels, their anticipated victim was gathering driftwood with which to replenish the fire. Suddenly the salmon slid off the sticks to the sandy ground! Exactly what T'what-ski knew would happen and was waiting for! All four men jumped forward to rescue the cooking fish from the ashes and sand.

In a flash T'what-ski was off! By the time the enemy realized what was happening it was too late to do anything about it. However, the enemy dropped the salmon they had picked up and gave chase, but they may as well have been chasing a deer, so swift was the Clallam T'what-ski. In no time he dashed around a bend off Dungeness Spit—the longest sand spit in the world—, plunged into the water, and swam swiftly to the opposite shore of the mainland and disappeared into the dense cedar woods.

Discouraged and chagrined, the Hydahs returned to their waiting canoes, first confiscating the salmon that lay in T'what-ski's canoe, and were soon on their way north, fearful of the ridicule of their fellow tribesmen, but more especially of the anger of their chief for having failed in their attempt to capture this famous Flathead.

Eventually T'what-ski, the third brother, married a Cowitchen maiden, whose granddaughter, Cho-pash-a'wit, or Mary as she was later named, was married to Tom Bracken of Boston, Massachusetts, in Port Townsend, Washington Territory, by a priest.

The children of Mary and Tom Bracken were Charles, Henry, Tillie, Edward, Daniel, James and Tommy. Henry went to some town in California, presumably Sacramento, married, and had a son whose whereabouts have never been ascertained. Henry was later drowned in the Sacramento River. Tillie Bracken married Charles Weber of Port Townsend. The Bracken descendants are Mrs. A. Anderseon, Mrs. Borris Short, B. Weber, and Mrs. McCally of Bremerton, Tule Lake, Tacoma and Gig Harbor.

Ha-que-nilth, the fourth brother of the House of Ste-tee-thlum, married a woman from Lummi Island. Three daughters and a son were born of this union: He-ach'ty, Si-ah-tsa, Youtch-ken, and a son Tuls-metum.

He-ach'ty married a Makah-Ozette chief. Three or four children were born of this union. The descendants of one of the sons of He-ach'ty and the Makah-Ozette chief, whose name cannot be ascertained, are Tom and Randolph Parker, Jessie Irving, Wheeler, and Skyler-Colfax, all of Neah Bay. The only known daughter of the Makah-Ozette chief and He-ach'ty was Tam-moy. Princess Tam-moy married a Canadian named Ed Saddler, a former Californian, and a daughter Mary was born of this union. Soon after the birth of the baby Mary, Ed Saddler disappeared. Eventually Tam-moy married Jim Woodman of Port Discovery Bay, under the existing Indian law of that time. James Woodman was born in Portsmouth, England. His father was keeper of the keys to the Tower of London. Mr. Woodman loved Tam-moy with a devotion not

equaled in that day by others of the white men who took Indian wives unto themselves. Jim and Tam-moy lived together until her death.

On Tam-moy's headpiece erected by Jim in the little cemetery at the head of Discovery Bay, one reads this inscription, so thoughtfully placed by him.

SACRED
— to —
THE MEMORY
of
TAM-MOY WOODMAN
DIED
OCT. 30, 1917
For 60 years the Companion, Friend and Advisor
of
JAMES WOODMAN

Farewell until we
meet again
In the Great Hereafter

Mary Saddler, daughter of Tam-moy—still in her early teens—became the consort of one John Quale, better known in "Anchty days" of Port Townsend as the notorious Poker Jack. A child was born to this couple, whom the parents named Gloria—Gloria Quale.

During a brawl in the barroom of Cosmopolitan Hotel in Port Townsend—then owned by J. J. Hunt—Poker Jack was attacked by John Martin of Dungeness. Poker Jack died the next day from knife wounds. But before he died Poker Jack gave his little baby daughter to J. J. Hunt for adoption, without consent of the child's mother. The last request of the dying gambler was complied with. The next day the baby was forcibly and cruelly pulled from the arms of its screaming mother, and taken to Mrs. Hunt, who left in a few days for San Francisco. Mary never again saw nor heard of her child.

Mary Saddler's next venture—by now she had become reckless and careless and didn't care what happened—she went to live with Bishop Sr., a farmer living in the Chimacum Valley, under the existing Indian law. Eventually a baby girl was born whom the parents named Emma. After the birth of the baby the parents separated. In her teens Emma Bishop married Tommy Olney, only son of Sin-san-a-wit, the sister of the Duke of York, and Oscar Olney, one time Customs collector of the San Juan Islands and son of Captain Nathan Olney and Annette Halaedla, princess of the Wasco tribe of Indians, of Fort Simcoe, eastern Washington.

Tommy and Emma Bishop Olney had three children, Ethel, Willie, and Addibell. Ethel married Roderick Drew-Hill of Manitoba, Canada. Descendants are Roderick Hill of Jensen Bed, Florida, and Ernest Hill of Burbank, California. Willie Olney had no descendants. Addibell had a daughter Evelyn, who married a Mr. Hopkins. They had one child, Dorothy. Evelyn is now Mrs. James Hartly and lives in Seattle.

After the death of Tommy Olney by drowning in Port Discovery Bay, his widow, Emma Bishop Olney, became the wife of Louie Foster, a Chilean red-head from Puerto Montt, South America. A daughter Annie was born of this union. Soon after the birth of his little daughter Louie Foster went to Alaska. He never was heard of again.

Annie Foster married Robert Neal. Descendants are Mrs. Jennie Neal Friend and Mrs. Dorothy Neal Calander, both of Seattle.

Emma Olney Foster eventually married Dan Pegg of Seattle. A daughter, Esther, was born of this third marriage, who became Mrs. Jean Paul and lives in Olympia; she has no descendants.

Finally Mary Saddler, the discarded wife of Bishop Sr. and the mother of Emma Bishop, married Ned Turnner, an Englishman. Two children were born to them: William and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth married Elrey Campbell of Port Townsend. Descendants are Muggys, Myers, Town, Pomroy Larsen's, and Campbells, all of Port Townsend. William had no descendants.

Si-ah-tsa—second daughter of Ha-que-nilth and the Lummi Island woman—married Samuel Sanford Irving, presumably from Alabama. Their children were Martha, Susan, Nellie, Sam Jr., Dick and Matilda. Descendants: Merchants, Wentworths, Sands, Bolby, Barns, Dunham, Kerr, Kelly, Proser, Palmers, Davis, Zimmerman, Swanson, Grady, Irvings, Butterfield, Vincent, Brokenmeyer, Hosfield, and Kemp. These descendants are scattered throughout the United States and Europe.

Youtch-ken, the third daughter of Ha-que-nilth and the Lummi Island woman, married Captain James Littleman, of San Juan Island. Mary Ann and Susie were born of this marriage. Descendants are Fultons, Dicks, Johnsons, Stillicoms, Pollick, Redeagle and James.

Tuls-metum, the only son of Ha-que-nilth and his wife, became the father of Lord Jim Balch, chief of the Jamestown branch of Clallams. Lord Jim married Seamitza. Two daughters were born to them: Ida and Abby Balch.

Ida married Billie Hall. Abby married Robert Collier. Descendants are Halls, Sampsons, Lombardis, Colliers, Wheelers, Gentry, Adams, and Russels, of Tacoma, Elwah, Seattle, Neah Bay, Los Angeles and Olympia.

Que-ni-z'som, the fifth son of the House of Ste-tee-thlum, was called Quathlim-son, the wanderer. Had he been a white man instead of an American Indian, he would have gained renown, fame, and possibly a fortune as an explorer and world traveler. This tremendous urge was dominant in his soul, which obsession led Que-ni-a'son to distant lands bordering upon the Pacific Ocean. Once this daring person stowed away on a windjammer ship going to the Kanaka Islands and way ports. Another time he went as far south as Valparaiso, Chile, from which trip he was given the name of Valparaiso Joe.

Eventually Valparaiso Joe was lost at sea, leaving behind a wife—who was the daughter of a Clallam Bay seaman—and two daughters, Thled-malth, and E'alth. Thled-malth's descendants are Lows, Williams, Grenins, Revette, Priests, Edgintons, Cassalarys, Faulks, and Farmers, of Sacramento, Sequim, Port Angeles and Whidbey Island. E'alth's descendants are Jennie Shinney, Fritz Thompsons, Burns and Frith, of Puyallup, Vancouver Island and San Francisco.

Whe-yux, the sixth brother of the House of Ste-tee-thlum, became the father of S'yah-whom, for whom the town of Seahome was named. S'yah-whom was born in Kaw-tie (Port Townsend) and lived there with his parents until he met and fell in love with a Samish princess whom he married, thus becoming chief of the Samish Island tribe. The Clallam flathead and the Samish princess had two daughters, Julia and Ruth, as far as is known.

The eldest daughter, Julia, married Edmond Clare Fitzhugh, a Virginian gentleman who was special agent for the Indians while a resident of Seahome. Presumably children were born of this union, but if any, their whereabouts are unknown.

Later Fitzhugh, deserting his wife Julia and returning to Virginia, became a major in the Confederate Army. He died in San Francisco. Julia afterwards married Daniel Barkhausen. Their children are Daniel, Henry, Fred, Louise Chatfield, and Mrs. Bill Matter. Descendants are Amerts, Andersons, Serveese, Bennets, Eppersons and Novaks, of Port Angeles, Garibaldi, Oregon, Everett and Anacortes.

Ruth S'yah-whom's first marriage was to a Mr. Coy of Tulalip. Little else is known, other than that one son, Hubert, was born of this union. Ruth's second marriage was to William Shelton, the totem carver of Tulalip, Washington. Descendants are Williams, Dover and Coy of Tulalip, and Seattle.

Lach-ka-nim, the seventh brother of the House of Ste-tee-thlum, married Qua-tum-a'low. They had four sons and four daughters. The sons were Klow-ton (King George), Cheech-ma-ham (not Chetzmoka) (Duke of York), Yalth-le-man (General Taylor), and San-talic (General Scott).

The four daughters of Lach-ka-nim and Qua-tum-a'low, sisters of Cheech-ma-han or Duke of York—were Whe-whe-elitza, Cin-san-a'wit, O'wota, and When-anismo.

In the opinion of the white man, Cheech-ma-han, or the Duke of York as he was generally known, was the most famous of the sons of Lach-ka-nim, because of his great and real friendship toward the white settlers of Port Townsend.

What they didn't know about the Duke of York was that he inclined strongly toward the opposite sex. He was a sort of dandy, and a flirt as well, in his own particular way, but not being handsome, and being already married, he was avoided by the ladies. Nevertheless he took his pick of the womenfolk of his tribe. The fact that he already had a wife made little or no difference to him. Queen Victoria (See-hem-itsa) knew her man; anything he did was all right with her, even helping him choose the youthful Chill-lil (Jenny Lind) as her lord and master's number two wife, which place didn't please Jennie Lind. Eventually, after two attempts at running away, Jennie Lind made good her escape from the House of the Duke of York to Squaxon Island where her grandmother lived.

The Duke of York and Queen Victoria had two sons, the Prince of Wales (Lach-ka-nim) and Charlie Swan York. The Prince of Wales married Betsy (Slap-tza). Their descendants are Prince, Holdens, George, Judsons, and Fairfields, of Port Angeles, Port Gamble, Jamestown, and Montana. Descendants of Charlie Swan are Albert York and children of Auburn, Washington.

The eldest brother of the Duke of York, Klow-ton or King George, wasn't the ambitious type, but was satisfied to live and let live, a pacifist in the true sense of the word. Had it not been for his aspiring and nagging wife he too might have become a chief, a leader of men in some one of the many branches of his tribe.

One day during a violent quarrel with his wife, King George summoned up enough courage to speak his mind. "I'm a man," he said. "You have humiliated me in the presence of our only son (Thomas Jefferson) as well as my fellow tribesmen long enough. I can no longer take this abuse from you. I'm leaving."

His wife and son stood in the doorway of their cabin, their gaze following King George as he walked to the water's edge, shoved his little fishing canoe from shore, and paddled toward Whidbey Island.

When he was half-way across the Strait a dense fog enveloped canoe and paddler. King George was never seen again. There were those of his tribesmen who supposed he had committed suicide by drowning. Years later, however, a traveler from Port Townsend met and talked with King George in San Francisco. He told the man from Port Townsend he was now married to a white woman and that he would never return to his native land, and he did not. Descendants of King George are the Thomas Jeffersons of Lummi.

The other brothers of the Duke of York, Yalth-le-min (General Taylor) and San-talic (General Scott) were ordinary men, living harmoniously with their respective wives and producing large families.

Descendants of Yalth-le-min (Gen. Taylor) are Joe Taylor—who married a woman of the Puyallup tribe—and his two daughters, Lucy and Maggie, whose children's whereabouts are unknown.

Descendants of San-talic (Gen. Scott) and his wife Tsa-to-walth are Jonnie Scott and his two daughters Carrie Scott Snyder and Mary Ann Scott Williams. Carrie Snyder had no descendants. Mary Ann Williams' descendants are Bill Williams and Hazel King Offerton of Seattle and San Francisco.

The four sisters of Cheech-ma-ham (Duke of York) were all ambitious women, all having married white men.

Sin-san-a'wit married Oscar Olney of Bellingham, as was mentioned before, he at the time being United States Customs Inspector of the San Juan Islands. At one time he would have been the victim of fifty more or less Stickens (Indians) who were out to get his head, but Oscar Olney was tipped off by a friendly Indian, so escaped.

After his death some time later, his widow with her son Tommy returned to Port Townsend, bringing her husband's remains for burial there. In due course of time Sin-san-a'wit married a Mr. Dunning of that city. A daughter Caroline Deborah was born to them. Eventually Caroline Dunning became the wife of Bill Williams. Mr. Williams was the son of Honorable Mary Williams, a noted concert singer of London, England. Descendants are Johnstons, Olesons, Thompsons, Tryons, Caldwell's and Mays, of Cosmopolis, Bellingham, Marysville and Bremerton.

Whe-whe-elitza, second sister of the Duke of York, married Bill Newton, a saloon-keeper of Port Townsend, Washington. Their children were Martin, Lizzie and Isabelle. Descendants are Andersons, Nordbergs, Martensons, Hammers, Rovers, Smiths, Garcias, Ennis, Ambros, Richter and Crowel; of Irondale, Ludlow, Bow, Port Townsend, Oxford, Ohio, Los Angeles, Seattle, Warm Springs, Montana, Quilcene, and Germany.

O'Wota, third sister of the Duke of York, married Tom Brinnon, a farmer for whom the town of Brinnon on Hood Canal was named. No descendants.

When-an-ismo, fourth sister of the Duke of York, married Bill Kinney of Port Townsend. Their children were Lizzie, Paddy and Alice.

Lizzie married Jonnie LeMaster of Port Townsend, a Parisian by birth, a water vendor and florist by trade, who always was spoken of by the townspeople as Johnnie Frog. No descendants. Paddy remained a bachelor. Alice became Mrs. Bill Farman—Farman was generally known as Blanket Bill.

After the passing of Chief Ste-tee-thlum, his widow, the Princess of Nanimo, married again. A son was born, in reality the eighth son of the Princess of Nanimo, but because he was not of the House of Ste-tee-thlum, he was not listed as the eighth brother. This son, whose name was When-a'hap, married a Clallam woman of Elwah. They had three daughters: Pe-Pie-a'homo, Kia-a-tsa, and Sea-litza.

Pe-pie-a'homo, or Mary, married Joseph McKissicks of Dungeness, Washington. Their children were Harriet, Rebecca, Nellie, Dave, and Joe. Descendants are Carrols, Campbells, Harrigan, Qualls, Reay, Alquist, Beardon, Chase, Jennings, and Connon, of Seattle, Mt. Vernon and San Francisco.

Kia-a-tas, or Betsy, married Bob Travis of Port Williams, Washington, whose grandparents were killed in the streets of Paris during the height of the French Revolution. One daughter was born of this union: Maggie Travis, who married Robert Simmonds. Descendants are Simmonds and Wilsons of Seattle, Eureka, and San Francisco.

Sea-litza, or Annie, married Lyman Stevens of Dungeness. Their children were George, Susie, Sarah, Annie, Mary and Ethel. Descendants are Bedoon, Baldwin, Becker, Qualls, Craft, and Stevens of Sequim, Seattle and Oregon.

This brings the known descendants of the House of Ste-tee-thlum up to date.

E'ow-itsa, Little Sister of the Seven Brothers

E'ow-itsa, little sister of the Seven Brothers, had reached the age of fourteen years, considered grown-up by her elders. She now was a woman of marriageable age. Already a husband had been chosen for her, and even the day set for the wedding ceremony. No sooner had this announcement been made to the tribe than great preparations were begun. Restrained excitement reigned along the length of the one long street in front of the village of Ste-tee-thlum facing the Long Waters, for was not the little sister of the Seven Brothers about to become the wife of Y'alup-ken of the House of E'ennis and Yea-om-en'itst?

No sooner had this important announcement been made than canoes were dispatched to neighboring villages along the shores of the Long Waters, carrying small tied bundles of split cedar sticks to be left at the home of each invited guest and family. These cedar sticks were the exact size and length of lead pencils, tied together in small bundles of from twenty to thirty sticks each, called invitation sticks.

It wasn't until the canoemen returned from this errand of delivering these cedar sticks that actual preparations began.

At last E'ow-itsa's marriage day arrived. Touring canoes, gaily and grotesquely decorated, from across the Long Waters, from Victoria Harbor, Naimo and Kowitchen, began arriving; canoes from outlying villages nearer home arrived, all carrying invited guests, who had to present their invitation sticks to the parents of little E'ow-itsa as they went ashore. Canoes laden with gifts—baskets to overflowing with prepared foods, fish, berries, and tender roots. Blankets woven from dogs' hair and fireweed cotton, rugs and mats made of tall cat-tail grass and cedar bark, canoes and slaves. All gifts, not especially for the bride and groom but for the parents of the bride as well. Most important of all gifts to the young bride—just in case her husband became infatuated elsewhere—was a very potent bit of love medicine, the rare, costly, and difficult-to-locate rattlesnake fern root, brought from Whidbey Island by a relative as an emergency measure in case of the cooling-off of affections on the part of the groom, a sure cure for the return of wayward husbands.

After all invited guests had arrived, festivities began in earnest. Games of running, jumping and shinneying, canoe racing and capsizing, singing and dancing to the accompaniment of the slow rhythmic beating of tom-toms—presenting in fact a full scale potlatch. The House of Ste-tee-thlum the Se-am people, must show its worth and prestige to the guests as well as to the members of the House of E'ennis and Ye-om-en'itst, to which it was now joined by the marriage of E'ow-itsa and Y'alup-ken.

The festivities lasted for days, before finally coming to an end. Only then did the hundreds of guests depart, carrying with them many complimentary gifts from the House of Ste-tee-thlum—proclaiming the host the best in the land.

Two prominent houses had been joined by this marriage, tribal relations had become more securely cemented, and a feeling of good fellowship prevailed among all participants.

Little E'ow-itsa and Y'alup-ken settled down to raising a family. Eventually two sons were born to the two—Soo-yahitch (Henry Jacobs) and Chu-mahan (Jacob Jacobs). Direct descendants are Lamberts, Reyes, Mahers, Mac-Gregors, Hopkins, Petersons, Nortons, Bowens, Gaumers, Hattlers, Taylors, Humann, Severse, Pintos, Allens, and Markstrums, living in Los Angeles, Port Townsend, Ellensburg, Gardiner, Sequim, Bellingham, San Antonio, Texas, Portland, Neah Bay, Seattle and Key West.

Soo-yanitch or Henry Jacobs, the eldest son of John Jacobs and Julie Ann (as E'ow-itsa and Y'alup-ken were called) became one of the signers to

the Isaac Stevens Point-No-Point treaty which was ratified by the Senate March 8, 1859, and proclaimed by the president April 29, 1859, but never carried out. The pertinent parts of the treaty are as follows:

"Article 1: The said tribes and bands of Indians hereby cede, relinquish, and convey to the United States all their rights, titles, and interests in and to the lands and country occupied by them, bounded and described as follows, viz: commencing at the mouth of the Okeho River, on the Strait of Juan de Fuca; thence southeastwardly along the westerly line of territory claimed by the Makah tribe of Indians to the summit of the Cascade Range (meaning the Olympic Range) . . . to the summit of the Black Hills . . . etc . . . including all the right, title and interest of said tribes and bands to any land in the Territory of Washington.

" . . . Article 4. The right of taking fish at usual and accustomed grounds and stations is further secured to said Indians, in common with all citizens of the United States; and of erecting temporary houses for the purpose of curing; together with the privilege of hunting and gathering roots and berries on open and unclaimed land. Provided, however, that they shall not take shell-fish from any beds staked or cultivated by citizens.

"Article 5. In consideration of the above cession the United States agree to pay to the said tribes and bands the sum of sixty thousand dollars, in the following manner, that is to say: during the first year after the ratification hereof, six thousand dollars; for the next two years, five thousand dollars each year; for the next four years, three thousand dollars each year; for the next five years, one thousand six hundred dollars each year. All which said sums of money shall be applied to the use and benefit of said Indians under the direction of the President of the United States, who may from time to time determine at his discretion upon what beneficial objects to expend the same. And the superintendent of Indian affairs, or other proper officer, shall each year inform the President of the wishes of said Indians in respect thereto . . .

"Article 6. To enable the said Indians to remove and settle upon their aforesaid reservation, and to clear, fence, and break up sufficient quantity of land for cultivation, the United States further agree to pay the sum of six thousand dollars, to be laid out and expended under the direction of the President, and in such manner as he shall approve."

Incidentally, up until 1951 the Clallam Indians have not as yet received any benefits from said treaty, even the fishing rights in Article 4 being denied them. Instead, ironically enough, some years after the signing of the treaty, the Clallam village at Port Townsend was burned to the ground by a contingent of soldiers from Fort Townsend near Station Prairie. Presumably this order came from a government official in Washington, D. C.

The story is this: Orders had come to Cheech-ma-han (Duke of York), E'ow-itsa's nephew, that all Clallams living at Port Townsend had to relinquish their aboriginal domain and be permanently transferred to the Skokomish reservation. A day was set for the Clallams to load their personal belongings into canoes—and leave their ancestral homes for once and for all by paddling out to a waiting steamboat, which was to tow them to their new home at the head of Hood Canal.

There was no alternative for the Indians. This was a command from the government—from the great white fathers at Washington, D. C. and Olympia—so they were informed—and had to be obeyed. One Clallam refused to go, saying, "I was born on this soil, a Clallam, and I will die here a Clallam as my forefathers have done."

When the fifty canoes, more or less, reached the waiting steamer in Port Townsend Bay they were tied to her stern, one canoe behind the other, forming a long line of canoes. Ironically enough one connects this event to a prison chain gang. When this long line of canoes had begun to move, in tow of the side-wheeler, and were about to round Marrowstone Point, some of the Clallams looked back for the last time to their beloved Kaw-tie. What they saw

was enough to sadden the most stout-hearted—the village was in flames, having been set on fire, by order of Uncle Sam.

Eventually the shore of Skokomish was reached. Canoes were let loose from the tow line of the steamer. Sadly the gaze of the occupants followed the slowly moving sidewheeler until she disappeared behind a spit. Then they paddled to shore. But in less than five days every Clallam canoe, stealthily, by cover of night, returned to Kaw-tie (Port Townsend) and to a heap of ashes which was once their home.*

Cheech-ma-han (Duke of York) went to Olympia to appeal for help. He returned bringing with him a promissory note stating that the Great White Father in Washington, D. C., would compensate the Clallam Indians for all damages done them. Needless to say, these promises were never fulfilled. Said one old Clallam man, after weeks and weeks of waiting, "Meaningless words. Empty words. Broken promises. That's what the Bostons stand for."

The yellowed promissory note, containing the broken promise, Queen Victoria, the wife of the Duke of York, always carried pinned to her ancient chemise with a brass safety pin until the time of her death.

*It was after their return that E'ow-itsa became a widow, her beloved and honored husband dying of smallpox.

Today—1951—the Stevens treaty of 1856 made with the Clallam Indians, pertaining to the vast domains with its once huge tracts of timber, fishing grounds and clam beds, has never been fulfilled. The White Man takes what he wants, the Indians the leavings.

In order to secure fish and game for food, today the Indian has to steal what is his by moral right.

Still the Clallam Indians wait. "It will come, the Stevens treaty will be fulfilled," say the gullible ones.

"Yes, it will come, when we are all dead and gone," say others. In the meantime, the Chimacums, Colceans, and now the Clallams, have all but vanished from the land.

CHAPTER 4

E'ow-itsa's Two Sons

The two sons of E'ow-itsa and Y'alup-ken were Soo-yanitch and Chu-ma-han or Henry and Jacob. Soo-yanitch married a Skagit maiden. Both parents were drowned soon after the birth of their little son Henry Soo-yanitch, named after the father, but later changed to Na-may-ilth. It happened while crossing the Strait of Juan de Fuca during a violent windstorm. Julie Ann took her little grandson Henry to raise. Chu-ma-han the younger of the two brothers married Who-itsa, a young woman of Clallam, Chimacum, and white bloods, belonging to the House of Quayats of the Port Discovery branch of Clallam Indians.

Who-tis'a, or Sally the Third, as she was generally spoken of by her tribesmen, was of unknown white ancestry on her maternal side. Sally's grandmother, who was Sally the First, was a white woman, so legend has it. The story goes—that a sailing vessel of unknown charter was blown ashore one stormy night in heavy seas off the Indian village of Ozette. Next morning at daybreak the Ozette Indians captured all on board the wrecked vessel, among whom were two white women. The white men were soon disposed of, and the women taken prisoners by the chief of the Ozettes to be sold into slavery to neighboring tribes. The most comely of the two women was bought by a Clallam Bay Flathead of high standing, one Thlek-ton, who at the same time made the announcement that he was taking this white woman, not as a slave to his household, but as Number 1 wife to his already large group of wives,

customary to the house of a Se-am. The Clallam Bay chief bestowed upon his new wife the Indian name of Se-amitza, which interpreted means "woman of high standing," or belonging to a Se-am—a person of prominence, *atyec*.

In due course of time, the Clallam Bay Flathead (Thleik-ton) and Sally the First—the shipwrecked white woman—had children. Their first born was a girl, whom the parents named Ah-ah-you or Sally the Second.

When Sally the Second reached womanhood, she was given in marriage to a young man of the Chimacum tribe of Indians known as the House of Quayets. From this union came two sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter was named Who-itsa, or Sally the Third. Eventually Sally the Third married Chu-ma-han or Jacob Jacobs, grandson of Chief Ste-tec-thlum and the Princess of Nanimo. The two brothers of Sally the Third, Pli-whe-mit and Chee-ak-ton, married the same girl, Why-am-ia. The first marriage was marred by the drowning of Pil-whe-mit. No time was lost. The younger brother took his sister-in-law to wife. This couple gave birth to one child, a girl, whom they named Zat-um-loo, or Lillie, which name suited her well, since she resembled her great-grandmother, Sally the First, in every detail. Lillie, or Zat-um-loo, so say the old Indians, was tall, with golden reddish hair, blue eyes, and white skin. In fact Lillie showed no trace of Indian, a complete throwback, so it seemed.

Jacob Jacobs and Sally the Third had two daughters, Annie and Susan. At the ages of six and seven both girls became gravely ill with the dreaded smallpox. Susan succumbed; Annie survived.

Susan was buried in an old Indian cemetery, which at that time was located where later the Port Townsend Southern Railroad had its beginning. She was buried with pomp and ceremony, in spite of the infectious and contagious character of the disease. For wasn't she the grand-daughter of E'ow-itsa, the daughter of the Princess of Nanimo and Chief Ste-tee-thlum of the Clallams? She, Susan, was worthy of all homage and splendor that could be bestowed upon a departed princess of royal blood.

A necklace of thirty-five twenty dollar gold pieces strung on deer thong was placed around Susan's little neck—which was Chu-ma-han's last gift to his daughter. Thus a small fortune was buried with the victim of the dread disease smallpox. Did someone ever discover this buried fortune? If so, no one ever heard of it. Perchance the necklace of gold lies waiting to be discovered.

Who-itsa, or Sally the Third, mother of Annie and Susan, like some of her cousins, showed distinct traces of her unknown white ancestry. Her skin was white, her hair light brown, eyes blue-green. In fact, Sally the Third was so white of body the Indian children of the village refused to go in swimming with her, because of the contrast of skins. They felt Sally the Third didn't really belong.

One of the things told by the old timers among the Indians was that Sally's grandmother, Sally the First, was tall and slender, having very white skin and reddish hair. Also that her eyes were blue. The Indians believed because this white woman often repeated the word Sally, that this must be her name. So that is the reason the three women along the line of descent became Sally the First, Second, and Third, as handed down by them. A number of years after the Clallam Bay Flathead Thleik-ton took Sally the white woman to wife, a white man, presumably a fur trapper or an employee of the Hudson Bay Company, appeared and offered to buy Sally from the Indian chief. Sally refused to leave her Indian husband and children, and is reported to have said, "I love my Indian husband and children. Why should I leave them?"

Out of the House of Quayats and the daughter of the white woman Sally the First came a long line of descendants: Halls, Keymes, Myers, Bakers, Lambards, Stedhams, Hiltons, Shots, Reyes, Gearoes, Hunters, Johnsons, Tuckers, Lamberts, and Parkers, scattered throughout the United States.

On two different instances down the line from the shipwrecked and cap-

tive white woman Sally the First a boy and girl were born having fiery red hair and white complexions.

Later when the boy grew to manhood, because of his red hair he became an outcast, living alone in a shack on the outskirts of the village, his tribesmen avoiding him at all times. However the Redhead, evidently intelligent, with much wisdom and understanding, was invariably called upon to settle any difficulty arising among them. Little is known of the other red head, other than that she was a beautiful woman with a violent temper, feared by the women of the tribe.

CHAPTER 5

Annie Jacobs Lambert

When Annie Jacobs, the daughter of Sally and Jacob Jacobs, of Port Townsend, reached the age of fifteen, she was given in marriage by her parents to Charlie Lambert, forty years or more her senior. Annie's parents felt that in marriage lay security and protection for their only child. It was either marriage or molestation from the riff-raff of this wicked little town of Kaw-tie, then rife with drunken sailors and soldiers from every clime on earth. Shanghaing of men and raping of Indian women was a common occurrence of the day. "Watch your step," became the slogan, not only for Indian women, but for white women alike.

As an example: just a few days after Annie and Charlie were married an Indian was seen running toward the house of Louie Stevens, a police officer of the town at that time. The Indian all but fell in the open doorway of Stevens' house, crying out, "Come quick, come quick, come quick. A drunken white man is molesting my wife. When I objected he fought me off and out of our tent." Then without waiting for the police officer to follow, the Indian dashed back toward Point Hudson—at which place he lived—where he found his wife in a bad way.

A few minutes after the Indian left the house of Louie Stevens, he followed. Upon reaching the tent of the Indian, Louie Stevens reached in to turn the flap of the tent open. The frightened Indian, thinking the drunken white man had returned to repeat his offense, fired a gun. Louis Stevens fell to the ground, shot through the head. This was the sort of tragedy the parents of Annie sought to avoid. Therefore the only safety for her was in marriage to an elderly man, whom the girl Annie detested at the time.

Charlie Lambert (born Carl Luneberg) was a native of Sweden. He was a kindly person, of good character, happy and jolly of disposition. Charlie loved children and dogs. Dancing, yodeling, hunting, and fishing were his favorite pastimes. He was of medium height, fair complexion, with light wavy hair and blue eyes. At first Annie was not too happy in her new position as housewife. Twice she ran away, going as far as Victoria, B. C., on one occasion. Her parents always brought her back to her husband. It wasn't until Annie discovered she was to become a mother that she really settled down.

Eventually Annie learned to respect and love her husband as far as her childish heart was capable of doing. In due course of time five children were born to the couple: Mary Ann, Cynthia, Thresa, Charlie and Matilda. Thresa died in infancy of diarrhea. The other children grew to maturity.

When Mary Ann was seven years old her parents moved to Port Discovery Bay. Believing the school facilities not as good in Port Discovery as in Port Townsend, Charlie left his little daughter there with friends to finish the school term, under the tutelage of Miss Van Boklyn, who was first grade teacher. At the end of the term Charlie Lambert went to Port Townsend to bring his little girl home. Charlie owned a sloop, which he had named Annie L. in honor of his young wife. In those days there were no roads between Port Townsend

and other towns on the peninsula; the only means of transportation was by water, either by Indian-manned canoes or by rowing boat. It was on this memorable trip that Charlie told Mary Ann, his little daughter, a story—one which clearly he did not want her to forget. Mary Ann never forgot it.

"Mary Ann, come over here, near me," said her father. He was at the rudder of the Annie L. "Sit on this coil of rope, little daughter; I will tell you a true story about myself." Needless to say Mary Ann became alert and attentive, for there was nothing she loved more than a story, real or otherwise. Expectantly she fixed her eyes on her father's face as she seated herself on the coil of rope near him and waited.

Then her father began his story: "One day, way back in Stockholm, Sweden, when I was thirteen years of age and in school, it began to snow. It snowed all forenoon, and most of the afternoon. When school was dismissed we boys rushed to a little hill just back of the schoolhouse, and on improvised sleds had a wonderful time sliding down the hill, where we stayed for over an hour. Before I realized it, it was quite late. I thought, What will Mama say? Then I rushed home. The seat and knees of my woolen pants were wet through to the skin. When our house came into view I saw my mother standing in the doorway waiting for me. She looked threatening and I was scared. When I reached the doorway she didn't say much, but, looking straight into my eyes she asked, 'Where have you been, Carl?' I said, 'Sliding down a hill back of the schoolhouse,' at the same time edging past her and into the house.

"Wait a minute, Carl," Mamma said. I stood still, not daring to take another step. My mother's word was law. Coming up to me she felt my pants. All she said was, 'Change these pants for a dry pair, but don't come home from school tomorrow like you are now.'

"Next day I went to school as usual. All day the snow came down; as I remember it now it was a pretty sight. I was happy to be off to school. By the time school was dismissed that afternoon, it had stopped snowing. We boys rushed to the hill and many more times sped down that long hill. It was great fun!

"When I reached home that day, later than the day before my mother eyed me from head to foot, but did not say a word. My fears were dismissed at once. I thought, She doesn't care much. Her scolding yesterday was not as bad as I thought.

"Next morning, however, when I was ready for school and was about to leave the house my mother spoke in a stern tone of voice. 'Wait, Carl, I'm going part way with you this morning.' My heart thumped a little faster. The thought came to me, I wonder what's up now?

"We walked along together in silence until we reached a little store. Mama said, 'Carl, come into the store with me.' I followed her, fear in my heart. Then, beckoning to the storekeeper, she asked, 'Do you have a pair of leather pants that will fit this boy?' The clerk thought he had one left. Then from the shelves back of the counter, he drew out a pair of leather pants. Holding them up for Mama to see, he said, 'How about these?'

"She reached over, took the pants in her two hands, examined them, and then turning to me, said, 'Put these on, Carl, and be on your way to school.' This was a command! I knew I did not dare to refuse. Soon my woolen pants were exchanged for the leather ones. My mother took the discarded pants and without saying another word, folded and put them under her arm and left the store.

"I never, ever saw my mother again.

"I didn't know what to do. This I did know, however: I just couldn't face my schoolmates in those leather pants. I was humiliated. To be seen in leather pants by my schoolmates was to be disgraced, more than I could take. I decided to run away.

"Instead of following my mother's orders to go to school I went down to

the quay where I knew sailors from the ships at anchor in the bay were in the habit of landing. I hid behind empty barrels and waited, shivering, hoping not to be discovered. It was terribly cold. All that day and night I waited. I was not only cold, but hungry as well. The next evening a sailor in a dory tied up at the quay. Seeing me he asked in Swedish, "Want to go to sea?" I told him I did. He said, "Wait here until I get back. I have to pick up some chewing tobacco and rum for the captain. I won't be long; the ship will be sailing in an hour."

"In half an hour or so the Swede was back. He told me to get into the dory, which I did. Soon we were out to the anchored ship. She was English; when we reached her the Swede led me up the rope ladder. Stealthily we crossed the deck and into the hold of the ship. He told me not to worry, that he would see to it that I had food, at the same time telling me as soon as we were on the North Sea he'd bring me up out of the ship's hold."

"When the ship, which was on her way to Hull, England, was two days out at sea, I was discovered and ordered to report to the captain's cabin. Hesitantly I approached the captain and waited, scored to death."

"The captain sat with his log book on the desk before him. Eyeing me critically for a minute or so, he asked, 'What's your name?'"

"'Carl Luneberg,' I replied."

"'Carl Luneberg,' he repeated, then wrote something in the ship's log book. 'There are other Carl Lunebergs on this ship. In order to avoid confusion I'll change your name to Charlie Lambert. Another thing, young man,' continued the captain, 'I need a cabin boy. I believe you'd do; take over.' So I became a cabin boy with a new name. The man was Captain Lambert. He had given me his name."

"For many years I followed the sea as an ordinary seaman, during which time my ship touched nearly every seaport in the world. It was rough going but I liked it. After ten years I was promoted to sail-maker—which profession cannot be attained until you have served ten years at sea on any sailing vessel."

"In 1867 I left the sea temporarily, going ashore at Calleo, Peru—a South American port. There I hired out as a deep sea diver to the French government, who at the time was building a breakwater in the bay of Calleo. I was paid five dollars a minute because I could stay under water longer than any other diver. I liked the job, but got itchy feet."

"A ship in the bay was loading huge sacks of green coffee for California and the Puget Sound country—then called Vancouver by seamen. I decided to join her. Eventually I landed in the marine hospital in Port Townsend because of illness. I liked the little seaport town so decided to spend the rest of my days there. I never went to sea again, becoming a land-lubber at last. A few years later I met your mother, we were married, and you children came along. Which is the end of my story, unless I mention here where I found you children."

Needless to say, Mary Ann wanted to hear, to her childish way of thinking, this new story. Mary Ann said, "I do want to hear this story, Papa. Please tell it!"

He began: "One day after Mama and I had been married for some time, I decided to go hunting. I took my muzzle loading gun and powder horn, and with my black dog, Nig, walked toward Beckett Point. Passing through a large Chinese vegetable garden near the lake, suddenly I heard a baby crying, first very faintly, but as I walked in the direction of the crying it became louder. I stopped and listened. The cry seemed to be coming from near a large head of cabbage. I walked fast toward it, and to my surprise what do you think I found? The cutest baby girl you ever saw, with blue eyes and yellow curly hair, curled up in the heart of the biggest cabbage. That baby was you, Mary Ann." Mary Ann smiled. She felt important.

"Then there was your little sister, Cynthia. Let me see, now, when was

that? Oh yes, now I remember, it was on December 15, 1880, that the David Hoodly was blown ashore and wrecked near old Captain Hoxey's chicken ranch, near the Cliff House in Port Townsend. Two weeks later I walked to the beach to see the derelict. The David Hoodly was lying on her side, her bottom to leeward, her open hold toward the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The tide was out. No sooner had I approached the derelict than I heard a spasmodic, piercing, screaming cry. I ran toward the open side of the ship, climbed in, and listened. Sure enough there it was again, a maddening scream! I rushed toward it, and there lay a baby girl kicking and screaming at the top of her baby voice. Her little body was red as a carrot with cold. I picked her up, put her in my arms under my yellow oilskin coat, and rushed home to Mamma. She squirmed and kicked all the way to the house. We named her Cynthia.

"The next baby to come to our house was a little baby boy. One day while I was trolling for King salmon in Admiralty Inlet, I got a strike, nearly pulling me overboard. I was afraid the line would break. Thinking it was a huge King salmon I pulled in my line excitedly but cautiously. To my dismay it wasn't a King salmon after all, instead a wiggling little baby boy who must have been very hungry and bit the hook, which caught him in the cheek. I had a hard time removing the hook, because I had to be careful not to hurt him, he was so new and tender. I rushed home with the new baby to Mamma. We were happy because the baby was a boy. We named him Charles Ludvig, after an only brother I left behind in Sweden when I ran away from home.

"Last, but not least, came the smallest baby of all. Great-grandmother Julie Ann found her one summer day behind a huge windfall on the old Delanty logging works back of Fairmount, where she had gone to pick blackberries. From behind the windfall came a little baby voice cooing and gurgling. Julie Ann stretched her neck to look over the log from where she was standing, and there to her surprise, lay a tiny baby girl. Her little face and hands were all smeared with blackberry juice; evidently she had been enjoying herself, by putting all the berries within reach of her tiny hands into her mouth. Great-grandmother brought her home to Mamma and we named her Matilda."

By the time this second part of Papa's story was finished, the sloop Annie L. had dropped anchor at Fairmount, head of Port Discovery Bay. Together Mary Ann and her father went ashore in a small skiff. Mamma, so fresh and young looking, met them on the pathway from the house to the beach. Mary Ann felt shy. She had not seen Mamma for some time; she hung her head and hid behind her Papa's long gumbooted legs. Papa said, "Aren't you going to kiss Mamma, Mary Ann?" She shook her head and held onto her father's legs all the tighter.

Mary Ann knew Mamma was hurt, for all she said was, "My, but you are a big girl now, Mary Ann." Then she reached over and took her little girl's hand in hers and together the three walked to the house. Mary Ann's eyes were full of tears but she was glad to see her little brother and sister and their little dog, Lilly.

A year later Charlie Lambert was taken to the Marine Hospital at Port Townsend suffering from blood poison in his right hand. A rusty fish hook had made a nasty gash in the palm of his hand. At first he didn't seem to think it was serious, until his arm began to swell, and the tell-tale red streaks began to creep toward his armpit. Calling Mamma to his side, he said, "Annie, I may not get over this. I may not return from the hospital. Keep the children in school; this is very important." Continuing, he said, "You are young, Annie. Marry again. If not for love, then for support of the children. You've met my best friend, Isaac Barkhausen. He is a good man, and would be good to you and the children; marry him if he asks you to." That was all he said.

Old Tom Badger, a neighbor who was taking Papa to the Marine Hospital kept repeating urgently, "Charlie, come along; we are wasting time; we've got a long way to go. I've got to get you to the hospital!" Without saying another

word, the two men walked down to the wharf—Papa never looked back—entered the boat and were soon on their way to the Marine Hospital in Port Townsend.

The record at the Marine Hospital reads. "It is found that Charlie Lambert, age 51, nativity Sweden, was admitted to the hospital at Port Townsend on April 9th, 1887, and that his death occurred that same day on account of septicemia."

Mamma, only twenty-three years of age, was left a widow with four small children to support. Knowing this was next to impossible, she decided on a course. Three months later, in July of 1887, Jim Woodman, a justice of the peace, married Annie Lambert to Isaac Barkhausen. A year later a child was born to them, whom they named Marguerite. At the age of three months Marguerite died of whooping cough. Baby Marguerite was buried beside the good friend of her father, Charlie Lambert, in a little cemetery at Port Discovery Bay, Washington.

In the meantime Isaac developed what was called, at that time, quick consumption, and was bedfast most of the time. Mary Ann remembered how he coughed and coughed. She coughed with him, thinking, in her childish way, that she could ease his spasms of coughing.

The only thing that seemed to help the coughing was the old-fashioned black licorice. Lying on a stand beside Isaac's bed was a striped paper bag of old-fashioned black licorice sticks. One day when he had fallen asleep Mary Ann tip-toed into the bedroom and deliberately stole two sticks of Isaac's licorice. Mamma made her march right back into the bedroom and put the licorice back in the little paper bag. Anyway, she had a few good drags at the licorice, which was compensation enough for having to return it.

Isaac became steadily worse. One morning after a severe coughing spell he got out of bed, saying to Mamma he was going to the hospital—he did not say which one nor where. Isaac was never heard of again, in spite of all efforts to find him.

CHAPTER 6

Annie Reyes

Annie Lambert Barkhausen had become a widow for the second time. Two years elapsed before she met and married her third husband, Bartolo Reyes, a native of Puerto Montt, Chile.

One summer day as young Widow Annie, with her best friend Dora, and their children, sat basking in the sunshine on the lawn of Annie's humble home facing the head of Port Discovery Bay, two strange men approached the group. One of the men, obviously younger than his companion, was of medium height and build, dark complected and handsome. He had coal black wavy hair, and a pair of mischievous, tantalizing, dark brown eyes, which he could use to advantage as he kept watching Annie's every move.

The other man, who seemed much older than his handsome companion, had a friendly and kind face, which put the two women and their children at ease, in spite of the sudden and unexpected appearance of the strangers. Neither man could speak English. However, the younger one made his wants known by a vigorous and lucid pantomime of capturing, and cutting off the head, of a chicken. One word—chicken—seemed to be the only English word in his vocabulary.

Annie was far from slow-witted. Turning to Dora she said, "They want to buy a chicken. I'll sell them old Mary—she's good and tough." Both women smiled knowingly at this. It wasn't long before Annie handed the struggling, flapping Plymouth Rock Mary to the younger of the two men, who asked, evidently in Spanish, "How much?"

Annie guessed the question and answered, "Four bits."

The strangers paid for old Mary and departed, seemingly satisfied with their purchase.

The following week the two men came again. It was the same story—they wanted to buy a chicken. Annie called to her friend Dora, who lived a stone's throw from her house, to come over. Dora came, and together with their children they all stood bargaining for another chicken. In the midst of the excitement an Armenian peddler approached the group. He was tired, saying he'd walked all the way from Port Townsend. He lifted the heavy pack off his back and stooped shoulders, then wearily threw it to the ground, proceeding to untie and open the black oilcloth covering of his goods, spreading it upon the grass for all to see.

The bargaining for the chicken was soon forgotten. Everyone stood or sat in excited anticipation of what was to appear next. Such lovely things! Such clever bargainings! Annie and Dora turned out to be as clever as the old peddler himself.

That four-cornered pack contained everything. Cards of assorted sized needles, cheap spools of red, yellow, black and white thread, papers of white and blue round-headed pins, beautiful pearl and calico buttons, both large and small. Turkish red and fringed tablecloths. Square pillow-shams worked in red cattails and water lilies. Beautiful wool fascinators of pink, orange and red, and decorated with hundreds of brilliant bugle beads on the top notch of the fascinators. Stereoscopes and views. But, best of all, two photograph albums—one red plush with the word "Album" on the cover done in silver. The other one was black leatherette trimmed in gold.

The children looked on in wide-eyed rapture and amazement. They had never seen such lovely things before.

When Annie saw the photograph albums she was overwhelmed with excitement and anticipation. Wasn't this exactly what she had longed for for years? A picture album in which to place the pictures of her beloved children and friends!

Boldly and with confidence she asked the peddler, "How much do you want for the book, the black leather one?"

"Five dollars," promptly answered the Armenian.

"That's too much money," parried the female of the species.

"Five dollars," repeated the peddler decisively.

"All right, you keep the album," retorted Annie. Then, hesitating momentarily, she said, "I'll give you three dollars (the sum and substance of her finances) and a good meal, though, if you want to trade."

By this time the handsome stranger, who had been standing watching the proceedings, seemed to understand in part what was taking place. Nudging the peddler with the toe of his boot, at the same time digging deep into his trouser pocket and bringing out five huge jingling silver dollars, he passed them to the peddler, indicating by the movement of his head toward the bargaining Annie that the book was for her.

Annie, with an astounded look, couldn't believe her eyes as she reached out to take the book the peddler handed her. Something stupendous had happened! At last her dream had come true. Now she could place the cherished tintypes and other pictures where they rightfully belonged, instead of leaving them wrapped in a large-flowered light blue silk handkerchief, hidden away in an old bureau drawer—the one with no knobs that had to be pried open, making a rasping noise every time it was pulled out.

As though awakening slowly from a dream, Annie turned and looking at the stranger rather sharply—he had been watching her reaction—was this gesture an insult—"I'll give you a chicken; yes, two or three, if you like, for this book. I can't accept it for nothing."

The sparkle in her benefactor's eyes made Annie hesitate for just an instant. Then boldly looking him in the eye she asked in a rapid succession of

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questions, being much disturbed, "Who are you? What's your name? Where did you come from? What are you after, chicken or what?"

The stranger seemed to understand in part, the questions put to him; smiling, he answered, "Lillie Grace. Lillie Grace."

"Lillie Grace," Annie repeated in a reflective mood. Then she understood! "Why yes, that's the name of the Chilean bark that was loading lumber at Discovery Mill a couple of weeks ago."

The stranger seemed to understand. Nodding his head, he answered, "Si. Si." Then both men walked away, without another word, minus the chicken. The handsome stranger had won a point, this he was certain of.

Seeing this, the peddler rearranged and tied his four-cornered black oil-cloth pack, threw it over his shoulder and was on his way to the next farm-house, which was where the Charlie Smith and George Cooper families lived, three miles away.

Long after the Armenian peddler and the two strangers had gone, Annie and Dora sat upon the lawn, Annie still holding the beautiful book lovingly in both hands. Dora, smiling wisely, a knowing twinkle in her eyes, said, "He's the one, Annie."

Who could have resisted so beautiful a thing? This soft leather-bound album embossed with gold scroll, entwined around the letters spelling ALBUM. Who, I ask, could have resisted it?

Needless to say, the album started a romance.

On the sixteenth of September, 1890, the handsome Chilean, Bartolo Reyes, erstwhile Lillie Grace, and Annie Lambert Barkhausen were joined in wedlock by the Reverend A. Laubeck of Port Discovery Bay, Washington Territory.

After their marriage the truth of the Lillie Grace matter came to light.

The Chilean bark, Lillie Grace, a composite vessel of forty-five tons, became water-logged a few miles north of Grays Harbor on December 20th, while enroute from Port Discovery to Valparaiso. In the command of Captain Charles Wall, she had sailed December 12th, passed Cape Flattery on the morning of the 14th, and on the 15th commenced leaking. During a terrific gale with heavy seas and eleven feet of water in her hold, the deck load began breaking up and the forecastle deckhouse and forward cabin were washed away. The crew constructed a raft, which they turned ashore as the vessel was going to pieces, but on the 19th they lost the raft. The bark then was headed for the beach to save the lives of the men on board.

A heavy surf prevented them from landing until twenty-four hours later, when the vessel drove into the breakers. They were then rescued by Quinault Indians, who came out in surf boats! The men made their way back to Olympia, from which place Bartolo Reyes, or Little Grace, and John Piasano walked back to Port Discovery Mill.

Bartolo Reyes and John Piasano were buddies despite the difference in ages. John—Uncle John as he later became known to the family—came to live with the Reyes' after Bartolo and Annie were married. The children learned to love this sympathetic and kind soul as though he were blood kin.

Bartolo Reyes was the son of Jacinto and Asunciona Oyarzo, of Puerto Montt, Chile.

Thus ends the romantic story of Annie Jacobs—she the great-granddaughter of Chief Ste-tec-thlum and the kidnapped Princess of Nanimo, as well as the grandniece of the Seven Brothers and great-great granddaughters of the shipwrecked white woman Sally, of unknown ancestry, and the Chief of the Clallam Bay whom Sally the First married.

The children of Annie and Bartolo Reyes are Juanita Reyes Peterson, Florence Reyes MacGregor, Elmer Reyes and Mercedes Reyes Campbell. Descendants — Peterson McGregor, Gowen Gaumers Reyes, Campbell, Hubmann, Norton and Robertson, living in Seattle, Los Angeles, Sequim, Portland, Cincinnati, Port Townsend and Port Angeles.

Thus ends the genealogical record of the descendants of the House of Ste-tec-thlum and the House of Quyats.

Chilian Letters

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The Foreign Service of the
United States of America

Mrs. Frank Vincent
R.F.D. 2
Sequim, Washington
Madam:

Further reference is made to correspondence exchange with you concerning your desire to locate your Chilean relatives.

It is a pleasure to state that as a result of notices inserted in the newspaper EL LLANQUIHUE at Puerto Montt, the Embassy has received a letter from Mrs. Elsie Reyes B., dated July 5, 1948, which reads as follows:

"With all due respect I address you to say that by reason of two notices published in the daily EL LLANQUIHUE of this port, I have learned that a citizen of the United States, Mrs. Frank Vincent, R.F.D. 2, Sequim, Washington, wishes to ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. Manuel Reyes, brother of Mr. Bartolo Reyes. Mr. Reyes died several years ago in the south of Chile, leaving myself, his legitimate daughter, as his closest relative."

I shall be glad to furnish any further information which may be of use to you.

Mr. Reyes' address is Calle Bilbao No. 626, Puerto Montt, Chile.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) E. Paul Tenney
American Consul
General

Puerto Montt
August 5, 1948
Mrs. Marion Vincent
Sequim, Washington
My Dear Marion:

I received your kind letter dated July 17, in which I was able to gather that the letter that I sent previously arrived at the address to which it was directed.

Now I extend to you my thanks for the good will and kindness which you have had in trying to take up relations with the family of my uncle Bartolo. For me it is a joy and a true satisfaction to receive news of the family of my uncle, since nothing was known of him since he departed from these southern lands.

I now take up the matter of telling you something of my uncle's family, as you desire.

1. The parents of my uncle Bartolo were called Jacinto Reyes and Asunciona Oyarzo. The mother is not of German descent.

2. In those days in which my uncle's parents were married, the German colonies had not yet arrived in Chile. There were only Spaniards.

3. My father, Manuel Reyes, was some three or four years older than my uncle Bartolo.

4. In the marriage of my grandparents Reyes Oyarzo, there were three children, my father Manuel, my aunt Juana and my uncle Bartolo Reyes, now all dead. They left no children which are now alive—except me, who am the daughter of Manuel Reyes. They are all legitimate children of father and mother.

5. Eduardo Reyes, about whom you ask, is not Reyes, but is Eduardo

Perez, married to Candelaria Reyes. He has no blood relationship with the Reyes family.

6. Fidelia Reyes is the daughter of a cousin of my uncle Bartolo. She is still living. I should tell you that here in the south of Chile there does not exist any family other than the one I mention.

Now I will tell you something about my family. I married and had four children, called Juan, Carlos, Rosa and Elsa. Carlos and Elsa are dead; Juan and Rosa are alive, both married.

My daughter Rosa is married to a sub-officer in the Chilean Army, which is garrisoned here in Puerto Montt. She has three children, called Rene, a boy, and Rosa and Elsa, two girls, the three of which are still minors.

I will receive with great pleasure the photographs which you offer in your kind letter and will keep them as of the family. My husband has been dead several years. I will receive them with great fondness and they will be well cared for.

I would greatly appreciate it if you would send your letters to me with the address which I write below, so that they will be delivered with greater security and not suffer damage.

Sr. Victor

Para entregar a Elisa Reyes

Rg. to inf. numero 12 "Langra"

Puerto Montt, Chile

My dear Marion, I would be grateful if you would give me the exact date my uncle Bartolo died. Without more to say. I take leave of you and the family, wishing you many happinesses in the future.

Your cousin,

Elsia Reyes

Note: The second line of the above address reads in English: "For delivery to Elisa Reyes," but should be left in Spanish on the envelope.

Mrs. Frank Vincent

R.F.D. 2

Sequim, Wash.

It was announced in the daily newspaper "El Llanquihue" of Puerto Montt a few days ago that information was sought regarding the relatives of Bartolo Uribe Reyes, recently demised in the United States of North America.

Opportunely I wrote to the Embassy, which was requesting the respective data, telling me that they gave them to you, but that they have received no further answer to this letter from you.

As lawful nephew of the above mentioned Bartolo Reyes (R.I.P.) I am taking the liberty of making known to you the relatives of the above mentioned gentleman.

Bartolo Reyes had four brothers, to wit: Nicanor, Manuel, Juana and Eulogio.

Descendants:

Nicanor Reyes—(demised) survived by his lawful children Nicanor II Reyes, Eulogio Reyes, Filomena Reyes, widow of Igor (she was married to Belisario Igor, demised) and Teolino Reyes de Uribe (married to Marcelino Uribe). All these four nephews reside in the island of Maillen, municipality of Puerto Montt.

Manuel Reyes (demised)—survived by his only daughter, Miss Elisa Reyes, who lives at Calle Regimietto 666, Puerto Montt.

Juana Reyes (demised)—married to Esteban Ojeda (demised), survived by her son Matias Ojeda Reyes, who lives in the village called Llaguepe (Seno de Reloncavi), municipality of Puerto Montt.

Eulogio Reyes—disappeared for more than forty years, and it is not known where he went or if he is still living, which is not probable.

If it is necessary that we prove our direct relationship to the deceased, I will be much obliged if you let us know so that we can send you the papers involved.

We would be very much obliged to you if you would communicate to us everything related to the demise of Mr. Bartolo Reyes Uribe, which we immediately appreciate.

Yours sincerely,
(s)

Eulogio Reyes
Casilla No. 222
Puerto Montt
Chile

Puerto Montt
October 20th, 1948

Mrs. Marion Vincent
Washington

My dear Marion:

I received your welcome letter dated August 30 and your beautiful photographs for which I thank you and am very happy, for your good will and good desire to know your family. Although it be by this means, we may say that in those so distant lands we have relatives.

It is a pity that we can know you only through photographs and letters. It may be that luck will help us and sometime perhaps we will be able to know you more closely as is our desire, but perhaps it will not be possible, since I am already quite advanced in years. Perhaps our children or grandchildren will have the fortune of meeting each other, if they so desire, because there exists already a foundation, which are the photos which you sent me and which I will send you at a later date.

You tell me in your letter that you remember that my uncle Bartolo Reyes had a stepmother. I am not acquainted with her. I only know that his true mother was Mrs. Asunciona Ororzo (?), perhaps it was some other person whom he may have known or my grandfather Jacinto could have had some other friendship, but as for being married a second time, I think not. You tell me that my uncle Bartolo said that his mother had red hair. I must say that the entire Reyes family have blonde hair. My daughter Rosa also is blonde. In your letter you ask me about Mrs. Candelaria, if she is of my uncle Bartolo's family. She also is a niece of my uncle Bartolo, but twice removed.

In the photo of the wheelchair, I could see young John. It is a pity that at such a young age he is a paralytic. As you tell me is was due to the war, that in the south seas his boat was sunk by Japanese bombs. As you see the war is guilty of many things and millions of lives of those who found their tombs in the sea, but thus also the Japanese; they had their defeat and there will be no longer be any reason for them to interfere in things which do not concern them.

Are my uncle Bartolo's grandchildren still living? Who is Mrs. Frank Vincent? Is she the lady who first asked about my father Manuel Reyes?

You tell me my uncle Bartolo passed away the 24th of October, 1929. It is a pity that he was not able to take the trip which he planned to Chile.

In a following letter I will send the photographs which you ask me for, so that thus you can know your family. For the moment I am unable to send them because I am sick in bed. I beg you to forgive me for the delay which I have taken in answering your letter because I was awaiting the return of Rosa who left this town for Santiago in search of health, for she became gravely ill with a serious sickness. According to the doctors of this town it would be difficult for her to get better, for which reason her husband had recourse to the ultimate means, took her to the city of Santiago, capitol of Chile, because in that town there are better treatments, in spite of the fact that there is

little probability that she will get better, so that I have been waiting for her return in order to be able to send you the pictures. Puerto Montt is about 1100 kilometers from Santiago and it takes two days by train to get to that town. You asked me to send you some photographs of my grandfather Jacinto. There is no photograph of him. In those days it was unusual to take pictures. If he had had one I would have sent it to you with great pleasure.

You tell me that the young man who is seated in the chair, that is, young John, during the war was in South American waters. I remember that North American warships were in Chile, but they only got to the port of Valparaiso, and that is far from here.

With no more to say now, I take leave of you and your family, giving you best wishes for all the family. The couple of Tillie and Wallace are fine. I beg you to answer soon.

Your cousin,
Elsia Reyes

Same address:
Victor Ojeda, for delivery to Elisa Reyes,
Regimiento de Infanteria, No. 12
Langra
Puerto Montt
Chile

THE END

Appendix

House of Ste-tee-thlum (1777)

Chief Ste-tee-thlum and the Princess of Nanimo

Their children: Seven sons and the little sister.

First brother—name not known.
Second brother—name not known.
Third brother—T'what-ski.
Fourth brother—Ha-que-ni'elth.
Fifth brother—Que-ni-a'son.
Sixth brother—Whe-yux.
Seventh brother—Lach-kay-nim.
Eighth child (sister)—E'ow-itsa.
Ninth son (half-brother)—When-a-hap.

(When-a-hap was not directly connected with the House of Ste-tee-thlum, being a son of the Princess of Nanimo by another marriage after the death of Chief Ste-tee-thlum).

Names of Direct Descendants of:

E'ow-itsa, Little Sister of the Seven Brothers
and

Y'alup-ken, Brother of Ye-om-in'st, Chief of the E-e'nis.
(Port Angeles branch of Clallams)

Two sons of E'ow-itsa and Y'alup-ken were Soo-yanitch and Chu-ma-han. Chu-ma-han, or John Jacobs, married Who-itsa or Sally the Third of the House of Quayats.

Chu-ma-han's children: Annie, or
Him-oy-itsa and Susan Jacobs.

Annie's children:

Choo-pash-a'wit. Mary Ann Lambert
Maher.

Who-tsa. Cynthia Lambert Larsen.

Ha-que-ni-elth. Charles Ludwig
Lambert.

E'ow-its. Tillie Lambert Hopkins.

Him-oy-itsa. Juanita Reyes Peterson.

E'thly-e-nough. Willie E. Reyes.

Shap-kin. Albert Reyes.

Zat-um-loo. Florence Reyes
MacGregor.

Pil-whe-mit. Elmer Reyes.

Kle-neatsa. Mercedes Reyes Hubmann
Campbell.

Annie's grandchildren:

Him-oy-its. Marian Maher Taylor.

Seamton. Charles Lambert Maher.

Quayats. Thomas A. Maher.

Que-ni-a'son. William N. Maher.

Swaltie-malth. Melvin D. Hopkins.

Ah-ah-you. Dorothy J. Hopkins Jensen.

Naugh-moy-elth. Albert Peterson.

Whe-yux. Andrew Charles MacGregor.

Ah-ah-you. Betty MacGregor Bowen.

Satook. Juanita MacGregor Gaumer.

Yalu-ken. Elmer Reyes, Jr.

Soo-yanitch. Walter Reyes.

Ha-que-nilth. Walter Hubmann.

Twoie-assum. Jimmie J. Campbell.

Tam-moy. Cynthia Campbell.

Po-pie-a'homo. Annie Campbell

Robertson.

Saprino. Tillie Campbell Norton.

Annie's great-grandchildren:

Tam-moy. Patricia Taylor Severse.

Chu-ma-han. Tommy Taylor.

Tulsmetum. James Lambert Taylor.

T'wat-ski. Patrick Maher.

Choo-pash-a'wit. Mary Ann Maher.

Whe-yux. Michiel Charles Maher.

Seam-itsa. Dorothy J. Hopkins

Hattler.

Thle-astino. Judie Hopkins Pedro.

Ny-a-com. Jack Hopkins.

Quy-ats. David Hopkins.

Lash-ka-nim. Eddie Hopkins.

Sau-tk. Mary K. Hopkins.

When-an-a'son. Sally Hopkins and
Kay-chal-itsa. Susie Hopkins, twins.
Pil-whe-mit. Garry L. Peterson.
Whee-itsa. Juanita Peterson.
Ha-que-nilth. Scott MacGregor.
Whe-whe-olitza. Bonnie MacGregor.
Choo-pash-a'wit. Cathie MacGregor.
E'ow-itsa. Sherry Bowen.
Sea-al-itza. James Bowen.
Sty-a'chin. Joe Bowen.
He-alth. Jimmie Bowen.
Zat-am-loo. Janie Gaumer.
Tuls-metum. Stanton Gaumer.
E'ow-itsa. Julie Ann Gaumer.
Him-oy-itsa. Cynthia Lou Gaumer.
Chee-akton. Steven Reyes.

Squil-qualum. Wallace Norton.
Kia-itsa. Mary H. Norton.
Chee-ak-ton. James Norton.
Annie's great-great-grandchildren:
Ye-om-in'st. Shawn Severse.
Why-am-ia. Lisa Severse.
Who-itsa. Kelly Severse.
T'wat-ski. Vincent Taylor.
Sty-a-chin. Craig Taylor.
Pil-whe-mit. Douglas Hattler.
San-talick. James Hattler.
Seam-awa. Dobie Hattler.
Thlee-ak-ton. Tony Hattler.
Ye-om-inist. David Pedro.
Chu-ma-han. Wayne Pedro.

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